

HEELS

'67

THE VICTORIA UNIVERSITY OF WELLINGTON TRAMPING CLUB

COMMITTEE 1966-67:-

President: Professor C. L. Bailey
Vice-Presidents: K. B. Popplewell, W. R. Stephenson, S. G.
Moore, M. P. Heenan, D. R. M. Fraser, M. J. Ellis,
T. J. Waghorn, C. A. A. Smyth*.
Chairman: Tom Clarkson.
Vice-Chairman: Peter Radcliffe.
Chief Guide: Peter Barry.
Secretary: Christabel Little.
Treasurer: Chris Murray.
Committee: Ross McGerty, John de Joux, Lesley Bagnall.

COMMITTEE 1967-68:-

President: Professor C. L. Bailey
Vice-Presidents: P. Barry, M. P. Heenan, W. R. Stephenson,
G. H. Caddie, S. G. Moore, Chris Little.
Chairman: John de Joux.
Vice-Chairman: Phil Burgess.
Chief Guide: Tom Clarkson.
Secretary: Stephanie Fraser.
Treasurer: Kevin Pearce.
Committee: Gillian Baynes, Peter Radcliffe, Clive Bolt.

"HEELS" 1967.

Editor: Ross Gooder.
Typists: Tom Clarkson, Dave Grieg, Graham Duncan,
Stephanie Fraser.

*Colin died in an accident on Malte Brun, February 1967.

OBITUARY



Alister William Ashely Chapman was a person who loved the outdoors. A fine spirit of adventure and an enthusiasm for mountaineering left him to share with his companions much of the challenge that New Zealand's mountains have to offer.

As a Science Student at Victoria University he looked forward to a promising career until his unfortunate death on Malte-Brun last February.

To those who knew him Alister was an ideal friend. Always cheerful and ready to lend a helping hand, he will be remembered by his friends as a person who never had an enemy.

ALISTER CHAPMAN

Colin died last February on Malte-Brun. Few people knew him well; his abrupt manner discouraged them — but behind this was a thinking mind and a deep appreciation of the things that he valued: music, the hills and mountains, and chess (he was an accomplished player).

At 26, Colin had found his feet after several restless years; he was doing work which used his considerable ability in mathematics, and gave him a sense of satisfaction and purpose in life. A few days before the tragedy he wrote in his usual terse style:

"I'm switching to full-time computer programming - - - - . Did aptitude test for it, results best ever in N.Z."

In the same letter he said:

"Am going climbing with Alistair, - - - - up the Tasman somewhere; getting ambitious. Hope we don't get another Southerly."

Colin's own words epitomize the sadness of his passing.



COLIN SMYTH

DAVID THOMSON

The tragic death of David Allan Thomson occurred on August 21 in the Taurarua's. He was 18.

David, who completed his secondary schooling at Onslow College, was doing engineering intermediate at Victoria University.

He was an active tramper and an accomplished skier and represented Victoria at tournaments with success. His interests were wide and varied. He will be sadly missed by all those who knew him.

EDITORIAL ??

Zambuck T. Rothschild and seven other convicted twits have stated in the Journal of Ecclesiastical Homilies that Tramping, like Fornication, is the privilege of the thinking man.

I remember well my early college days, when Zambuck, with his pallid face the colour of rancid yoghurt, would lie on his brass, ex-Army bedstead and mouth such inanities. He had many ideas, did Zam, but only once was he known to put them into effect - that was one Leap Year when, by sleeping for 24 hours on the extra day of the year, his consciousness of that day would be eliminated, and the balance of the Universe would be maintained. Poor lad!

Which brings me to the point that Tramping, like Fornication, is not just thinking, but doing. Part of the aim of having slide evenings, talks, and publishing this lowly rag, is to make people plan and think about trips. This is all very well, but it seems of late, that students interested in tramping are either

- a) Members of the "fit mob" of regular trampers,
- b) Tramp with an outside club because the University club has a "bad name" (for what its worth!) or
- c) Have some degree of the "Rothschild Syndrome" (see above).

Of course, there is the marked handicap of the "Meal Ticket" race which being a student involves, but it is also true that only a hard core of regular trampers maintains the active side of the club.

Many of those who indicate their interest in tramping at the beginning of the year, mostly freshers, are never heard of again, and it seems a pity that good thoughts and intentions should not be realised.

Tramp with V.U.C.

=====

Apology in Anticipation.

As will soon be apparent, this magazine is the product of pretty ordinary (not to say downright disgusting) editing. I make no excuse, but hope you will at least be able to get some idea of what the trips are about.

I thank the typists, the article writers, who coughed up with remarkably little prodding, and other sundry bodies.

-R.J.G.

=====

The Gentle Art of Bludging - A Panygonic

The orthodox scheme for training budding trampers and "other idle persons" had been centred among other things around the subtle arts of fire-lighting, wood-chopping and cooking; and on the less important arts of route finding and river crossing.

Recently, however, a tradition of great importance has grown up among the very best trampers, and refinements in the techniques of this tradition are daily increasing.

Bludging ranges over a wide variety of tramping activities, from motorised transport (to and from) to food and the "Very Severe" bludger can be recognised in the style and execution of his art. It must be stressed however that though the basic techniques of this facet of tramping are easily acquired, it takes much practice and frankly experience to apply these techniques successfully. The attempts of a fyre to practice the art on a "Very Severe" man are usually pathetic and invariably result in abject failure or, rather, the attempt materially benefits the superior bludger while his inferior still considers him a great bloke. To illustrate:-

Beginner: 'I say, do you have any sugar, so I can put it on my peaches and cream?'

V.S. Man: 'Gee, sorry mate, I haven't got any, but I'll tell you what. I've got some real juicy haricot beans for breakfast and I could swap you some of them for some of those peaches and cream - Gee it looks nice! M-mmm!'

Beginner: 'Er - well, okay, but thanks all the same for the beans but I've got 2lbs. of Porterhouse steak for breakfast and some eggs, which are too heavy to take back, so I'll have them.'

V.S. Man: 'You're dead right there - shows that you're a weight-conscious tramper. By the way, I've got no frying pan, so we could use that to cook them - couldn't we?'

The power and drive of the top class bludger is apparent here, but he applies these techniques in all aspects of the sport of tramping.

To sum up then, the beginner is advised to watch closely and study the way experienced bludgers perform and gradually put the techniques learnt into practice either for protection or profit, though by its nature, bludging must be offensive, not defensive. Remember always, however, that it is a means to an end, not an end in itself.

Four tips for Bludgers:-

1) Go on trips with people less experienced than yourself if possible. The dangers of tramping with "Very Severe" bludgers are very real. On the other hand, you may turn out a quick education at some cost.

- 2) Beware of taking excess or luxury food on a trip, but always take enough food for the trip (otherwise you will be breaking an even more important rule of tramping).
- 3) Always accept (and if necessary grab) anything offered (barring red hot embers etc)! You can always give it away to someone else if you don't want it, and thus preserve the philanthropic image.
- 4) If someone has something (food) you want, offer him something (a big hand of oatmeal or an onion) in exchange for it. If he refuses, offer to cook it for him. If he still refuses, glance sadly from your offering to him, then back to your offering, sniffing uncontrollable, and let slip a mumbled "ingratitude". Only a hardened heart will refuse you now.

The expert bludger is essentially a strong-willed, ruthless fellow, but it is important that an ethical balance is maintained. He must be prepared to do any camp/hut work required, he must be cheerful and well tempered, and it helps to be fit, so that he can encourage the unfit, burdened down by excess food, to deliver some to his pack. By this strategy, he will endear himself to his tramping fellows, who will feel offended if he does not share their material felicities with them. The creation of this happy (and communistic) society is the right and proper end of Bludging and as such is a part of Tramping itself.

=====

Northern Main Range - May '66.

The party travelled to Levin by a variety of means on the brilliantly fine morning after Proceh 66. The start of the trip was delayed somewhat while we gave the TV viewers a rare treat, perhaps at the expense of the student image. It was midday before we left the pipe bridge and set off for Te Matawai. Four of us stopped for lunch in the riverbed past Ohau hut, while the fifth went on ahead and was next seen completely soaked. He claimed it was purely intentional. There was little time for mucking about so we sped on up to Te Matawai reaching the hut just on dusk. After tea one person threw his brew outside in disgust, then aired his views on the disadvantages of keeping sugar and rolled oats in identical tins.

The next morning was still gloriously fine, and we hurried up Pukematawai thankful to be on top before it became too hot. We scrambled down the main ridge, chanting anti-leatherwood slogans, until we reached the open summit of Butcher Knob, some 1300 ft below Pukematawai. A helicopter pad here suggested that there was a new hut or bivvy nearby but this was not to be found. (We reached it an hour later on Dracophyllum Knob - it must have missed). After Butcher Knob the route enters the bush and is marked with orange discs. I refuse to call it a track. We had

lunch at the bivvy, and then set off at a reduced pace as Nichols was now looking much closer. Every insignificant bump was dutifully sat upon, until we reached Kelliher, where we resumed speed on the long haul up thru the bush to the open top of Nichols. Nichols hut is just south of the top, about 5 min. from the ridge, and plainly visible in this sort of weather. The bunks all have blocks of wood under one side of them to keep them horizontal. A typically large stew completed a most enjoyable day and we sank into the pit pleasantly bloated.

Sunday dawned with light mist floating round the tops but still no wind and rain. We rose early, stumbling drunkenly in the dark on the sloping floor. An hour south of Nichols we decided after much discussion that we had reached the spur leading down to Kelliher Flats. This was confirmed when we dropped below the mist just above the bushline. Travelling down this spur was easy, but losing one's sense of direction equally so. Every few minutes our navigator would scream out something like "Veer left by about 90 degrees". However, all errors cancelled out and we landed in the Otaki River 5 min below Kelliher Creek, and on a NZFS culler's track. It may be noted that culler's tracks may not lead anywhere in particular. This one certainly took a route over high spurs, across vertical shingle slides, and generally in the worst possible places until it stopped abruptly at the top of a cliff. At this stage all but one of the party had already taken to the riverbed which provided easy travelling upstream as far as the brand new Mid Otaki hut, situated in a bush flat on the true left of the river. We lunched in luxury, then set off downstream by the easiest route ie. down the true middle to arrive at Waite-waewae $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours later.

The weather on Monday remained fine until we had all reached civilisation - then it rained for the rest of the holidays.

Party:- Ross Gooder (leader), Nigel Eggers, Kevin Pearce, Tony Hurst, Nick Whitten.

-Nick Whitten.

=====

Kaimanawas, May '66.

Party:- Leslie Bagnall, Gerald Edmunds, Pat McNaught, Kevin Pearce (leader), Dave Porter, Dave Stonyer, Jim Swadling, Lindsay Vaughan

We entered the ranges on Monday afternoon, 16th May by way of no. 15 access road for the Tongariro power project. This leads off N.E from the Desert Road 15 miles north of Waiouru. We camped at the confluence of the Waipahihi and Waikato rivers about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours from the main highway. Half an inch of rain fell during the night.

Next morning we set off up the Waipahihi river. The route

requires innumerable river crossings and is easy when the river is down. The valley is generally fairly wide with tussock and beech covered flats offering many good camp sites. The small gorge marked on the map (N.Z.M.S. 196) is easily negotiated. After lunch we caught up with 4 A.U.T.C.'s on a trip parallel to ours. We camped at the head of the river 8 hours from the Waikato Confluence. Snow began to fall and by morning was 2 inches deep around the camp site and thick on the tops.

We had planned to spend 2 days travelling along the Middle Range which lies between the Waipahihi and Rangitikei rivers. In view of the conditions, deep soft snow, strong southerly wind and cloud, it was decided to return down the river in easy stages. The A.U.T.C.'s also piked. Most of the snow on the valley floor had melted when we made camp on Wednesday night and there was only a light sprinkling during the night. Thursday night was spent at our first camp site and again it rained.

On Friday we made our way out to the Desert Road. Conditions were rather bleak; snow on the ground, a strong southerly wind and light rain. Sympathetic motorists conveyed us south to sunshine and blue sky.

"Route Guide to the Ranges West of Hawke's Bay" by N.L. Elder, Government Printer 1959, price 3/6, is useful for planning trips in the Kaimanawas, Kaiwekas and Rushines. State Forests cover part of these areas and permits are required. The boundaries of the Waiouru Military Area should also be noted.

- Kevin Pearce!

=====

(1966 BLUDGING CHAMPIONSHIP.

The 1966 championship goes to NICK WHITTEN who travelled throughout New Zealand as the guest of 271 different motorists. Runner-up with 165 rides was Peter 'All Thumbs' Radcliffe. In third place, completely outclassed, was Tom Clarkson who retired injured after a mere 77 rides.

Nick's feat, which has been attributed to his good looks, is particularly remarkable when it is considered that each ride represents almost 30 miles travelled. Below is a summary of Nick's prize.

```

#####
#####
##### +#####
##### = $#####
#####
!
```


THE G.E.T. QUEENS BIRTHDAY FIASCO ?(1966).

These days in the Tararua's we notice that there are very few huts further than one or two hours from some other hut and between any pair of Tararua huts there is a direct track. (Has anyone discovered a bush ridge recently without a blazed track?) In fact an investigation by myself early in 1966 revealed that in and around the Tararua Range there were 55 huts, 48 within the Forest Park, 2 in the forbidden area of the Hutt River and 5 outside the bounds of the Park.

I decided to determine experimentally whether it was possible for a tramping club to visit all these huts in one weekend. Unfortunately the only club I had the use of was rather small so the taking of a long weekend seemed justified. The weekend of 3-6 June 1966 was chosen. Logbook stickers were printed accordingly. Ten trips were planned to cover all the relevant huts.

The evening of Friday 3 June was fine and ten separate VUWTC parties converged on the Tararua Range under cover of darkness. The amount of snow on the tops was negligible.

Saturday morning was particularly murky at Vosseler Hut and everywhere else it was much the same, raining and hailing with a strong wind. Stephen and I were to meet Nick and Wigil coming from Alpha and we were quite amazed to find them on top of Hector on time, at 6am. Mike and Peter Gin decided that the weather on Saturday was a bit rough so they stayed all day with their parties in Futara and Mitre Flats Huts respectively.

On Sunday the weather was much the same although on the Main Range it was only moderately miserable. Kevin's party was unable to find the spur to McGregor Bivvy in the mist. Rivers were rather large everywhere which meant that Sayers Hut and Falls there were not visited and the members of the Mangahao party got very wet.

Conditions on Monday were also not good but everyone continued on their journeys. Peter Gin's party had a long way to go, Tarn Ridge to Waiopehu to Levin and did not arrive home until 4am Tuesday. Mike's expedition in the north got as far as Roaring Stag on Monday after visiting all their huts. Terry was delayed a day when a member of his team was injured. However by Tuesday evening all were home.

after a most enjoyable weekend!

The results of the experiment are set out below and can be summarised as follows. 41 trampers participated and 45 different huts were visited. 6 huts within the Park and 2 outside were missed and naturally as a law-abiding club we did not visit the 2 huts in the Hutt Catchment. I am quite convinced that VUWTC could visit all the huts of the Tararua Range (including Arete and Baldy Ck bivvies and Penn Ck Hut which have appeared since) in three days, the only additional requirements being some reasonable weather and even greater determination by all participants. Asterisk in list indicates hut visited by another party.

- | | | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Terry Waghorn visited | Kaitoke [#] | 5. Ross McGerty visited | SButh Ohau [#] |
| Thora Blithe | Tauherenikau | Chris Little | Chau |
| Kevin O'Brien | Smiths Ck | Ian Muir | Harris Creek |
| Harry Percival | Allaway-Dickson | John Atkinson | Avalanche Flats |
| Stephanie Carrad | Cone | David Greig | |
| George Fredday | Totara Flats | | |
| Elspeth Preddey | | 6. Kevin Pearce visited | Bannister |
| | | Wayne Topping | Mountain Ho. |
| 2. Peter Radcliffe did | Masterton Rovers | Jim Cousins | Powell |
| Lesley Bagnall | Blue Range | Howard Eastcott | Angle Knob |
| Neil Maddocks | Cow Creek | | Spooners |
| Dave Stonyer | Arete Forks | | |
| Alison Willshire | | 7. Mike Heenan visited | Putara |
| Bruce Collett | | John de Joux | Haukura |
| | | Dave Plant | Dundas |
| 3. Ross Gooder visited | Waitewaewae | Clive Bolt | Bannister Basin |
| Pat McNaught | Andersons | Gerald Edmunds | Cattle Ridge |
| Jim Swadling | Nichols | | Rearing Stag |
| Mike Gorton | | | |
| 4. Tom Clarkson did | Kaitoke | 8. Peter Gin visited | Mitre Flats |
| Stephen Kerr | Dobsons | Malcolm Grant | Tarn Ridge |
| Nick Whitten | Alpha | Glen Innes | Te Matawai [#] |
| Nigel Eggers | Otaki Cottage | Chris Hendy | Waiopetu |
| | Field | Vivien Webb | Edwards |
| | Vosseler | | |
| | Kine | 9. Peter Barry did | Waitewaewae [#] |
| | Winchcombe | | Nichols |
| | Neill Forks | | Dracophyllum |
| | Maungahuka | | Te Matawai |
| | Akaparangi | | South Ohau [#] |
| | Mid-Waichine | | Ohau [#] |
| | Powell | | |
| | Mountain House | | |
| | Bannister [#] | | |

No-one visited:

McGregor, Carkeek, Dorset, Mid-Otaki, Sayers, Walls, Renata, Hendersons.

Not a bad effort, eh?!

T.S.C.

RESEARCH SECTION. This paper is the result of intensive research in the field followed by high-level theorising, by our Scientific Writer.

RIVER CROSSING.

Consider the streamline flow of water, viscosity coefficient n , down a rectangular section of river bed of width W , depth of water Y , $Y \ll W$, and length l , under a pressure P . Let the velocity of the water at a distance y from the river floor and remote from the river banks be u . Assume pressure is constant over any given cross-section of river and that the water in contact with the river floor is stationary. When steady conditions are reached the velocity gradient is du/dy and the viscous drag per unit area is $n \cdot du/dy$. This acts over the lower surface (neglecting drag caused by contact with the atmosphere and with the river banks) of the upper rectangular box of water. The force tending to accelerate this water box is $PW(Y-y)$ and for steady conditions

$$PW(Y-y) = n \cdot (du/dy) \cdot Wl.$$

$$\text{or } du = P(Y-y) \cdot dy / n \cdot l.$$

$$\text{integrating } \int_0^u du = K \int_0^Y (Y-y) dy. \quad \text{where } K = P/n \cdot l.$$

$$u = K(Yy - y^2/2)$$

Consider a leg of width s in the river, the foot having a solid grip on the river floor. A moment acts about the foot tending to push its owner over. Assuming that the drag on an element strip of leg at distance y from the river floor is given by

$$dD = K' \cdot u^2 \cdot s \cdot dy. \quad (K' \text{ is a constant.}) \quad \text{then the}$$

~~xxx~~ moment due to this drag is

$$\begin{aligned} dT &= y \cdot dD \\ &= K'' \cdot y \cdot (Yy - y^2/2)^2 \cdot dy. \end{aligned}$$

The total moment is

$$\begin{aligned} T &= K'' \int_0^Y (Yy - y^2/2)^2 \cdot y \cdot dy. \\ &= kY^6. \end{aligned}$$

Thus if a river doubles its depth due to flooding the forces tending to push a trapper over are increased $2^6 = 64$ times or the force is doubled by a $2^{1/6} = 1.12$ increase in depth.

In this treatment we have specified streamline flow. In

real rivers flow is always turbulent and consequently trampers are subject to fluctuating forces with a greater danger of losing balance.

An approximate expression for the mean velocity of water in a turbulent river is

$$\bar{u} = A + B.y. \quad A, B \text{ constants.}$$

Substituting this expression in the above derivation we obtain

$$T = k''(\frac{1}{2}A^2Y^2 + \frac{2}{3}A.B.Y^3 + \frac{1}{4}B^2Y^4).$$

This equation predicts a far less dramatic increase in danger with increase in depth. However the equation, $\bar{u} = A + By$, only holds for flow in which the values of y considered are much less than the dimensions of eddies and disturbances of the water. Thus if boulders in the river are of a size more than a small fraction of the depth, the equation for T breaks down. Rivers with large boulders require considerations of the dynamics of the trampler rather than just a consideration of static forces. The turbulence would probably require a statistical treatment. The maths would be complex, the number of variables great. It might be possible to derive an expression for the probability of the trampler making a safe crossing as a function of Y and other variables.

Kevin Pearce, B.Sc., V.U.W.T.C.

-oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo-

The mountains send down
 Their cold tribute of snow
 And the birch makes brown,
 The rivulets running down.

- from 'Arawata Bill' by Denis Glover.

-oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo-

UNOFFICIAL LONG WEEKEND = JUNE 1966.

About two of us left the pipe bridge at 6.45 on a cold blustery Friday night in the middle of winter. A thin crescent moon gave us enough light to see faint shadows as we walked across the paddocks. Still, we reached Chau Hut (or what's left of it) in good time and sped on up the river-bed. Last minute evasive action stopped us going up the North Ohau and we finally burst into South Ohau Hut at 10.15pm.

A freezing night brought a light covering of snow right down to the hut but Saturday dawned brilliantly fine. We left at 7.45am and trudged through the snow towards Te Matawai. From this track it took only twenty minutes to drop into a miserable trickle called the Otaki River, and two hours later we sat on the top of Butchers Knob after too many, far too many false summits. Stopping here for lunch we could see lots of ~~many~~ mighty snow-covered peaks all around us but the snow on slopes facing the sun was rapidly melting. WE set off southwards down the Main Range as far as Dracophyllum Knob where we intended to make use of the NZFS track 'from the Otaki River to within 200 yards of the top'. (Quote from one of the cullers who cut it.) One hour later we reached the first blaze. On dropping into the Otaki we found ourselves amongst a large crowd from another club also heading for Mid-Otaki but a forty minute sprint got us into Mid-Otaki Hut in 5th and 6th places.

We had considered going on to Waitewaewae that evening thus getting on the right side of the river but decided against it because i) it was late ii) we had qualified for bunks at Mid-Otaki iii) the weather was still perfect so the river could not possibly flood.

As we left on Sunday morning we were forced to use the wet weather 'track' and only just managed to cross the raging muddy waters of Kelliher Creek half an hour below the hut. We bumbled on downstream for about an hour after this, losing the track n times and finding it again n-1 times, before we took a realistic approach and headed back for Mid-Otaki. We passed the afternoon sitting in our pits, eating and playing dots, etc., while the rain pounded ceaselessly on the roof.
xx

We knew more about how to sleep fifteen in a six bunk hut that night.

The rain eased somewhat overnight, and we awoke on Monday morning to find the weather overcast but dry, and the river low and clear. However as soon as we left the hut the deluge came and continued undiminished for the rest of the day. We tramped into the river-bed for the first half hour then took to the side track as the river was rising fast. Progress was slow, one side stream was particularly difficult to cross, and we soon reached the dreaded stage where the track stopped abruptly in the middle of nowhere. We continued sidling along the riverbank and finally arrived within 200 yards of Waitewaewae - but with a large volume of thick brown river in between. However we joined up with the other party who had come down with us, and managed to blunder across the river linked up in groups of seven or so. The river varied from waist deep to chest deep depending on how far off the bottom our feet were.

The other party stayed for the night at Waitewaewae, while we forged on in the gathering dusk, with some strange notion that the worst was over. The race against darkness ended at the start of the tramline with darkness the victor. The moon had grown somewhat since the previous Friday and we had enough light to tell for sure that we were not on the track. In order to find the suspension bridge over the Otaki in the dark, one has to violate all the principles of common sense. The same applies for finding the way from that bridge to the Fields Track. The basic rule is:- 'Stop and think which way is best then go the other way.' As a result it took five hours from Waitewaewae to the cottage, but we only walked five minutes past the carpark before we got a lift to Otaki with just enough time to miss the last train to town. (If you are out late at night at Otaki Forks its best to be so late that people are on their way in to look for you.) From there Mr and Mrs Grant picked us up and we were home some time early on Tuesday morning.

Party: Nick Whitten, Malcolm Grant.

N.K.W.

WINTER S - K.

How far could a tramping party get from Schormann's in the middle of winter in a weekend? Estimates varied mostly from Putara to Dundas and some optimists thought Arete might be possible.

I am an extreme optimist and so had my sights set high when I started off up to Putara Hut about 9pm on Friday 1 July 1966 with Jim and Pat. The weather was fine and calm with a glorious full moon so there was no point in stopping at Putara. We got onto continuous snow near Hines and on the top of Ruapehu at about midnight Pat and I put on crampons. Unfortunately Jim did not have a pair so it was necessary to cut steps for him all the way over East Peak. On West Peak soon after two o'clock we stopped for a few hours sleep. The conditions were magnificent. The view in the moonlight was unrestricted - we could see Mount Egmont out across the sea. The snow was hard and it was difficult to stay in one place to sleep.

At seven a.m. we were off again with Jim wearing my crampons. Except on the southern sides of the big peaks I could keep up with the crampon wearers. Nevertheless progress was slow and it was 1.30pm when we stopped for lunch at Arete Bench which was where we first found water - only because we knew exactly where the tarn was. The Waichine Pinnacles were plastered and we found it necessary to rope up to negotiate them. The weather was still perfect when we were at Tarn Ridge Hut but our will to go on sort of faded away at the prospect of a night in a hut. During the night the weather turned nasty so we were glad not to be sleeping out on North King (or somewhere).

Visibility on Sunday was zero in all directions so we glissaded off into the Waingawa at about 7am down a spur about 100 yards south of Tarn Ridge Hut. Then down the river to Arete Forks and another three hours to Cow Creek and four out over Blue Range. That completed our weekend S-K. Next thing is to do a winter Schormann-Kiriwhakapapa in one day!

Tom Clarkson, Pat McNaught, Jim Swadling.

T.S.C.

BLYTH HUT A.I.C. 1966.

Saturday morning at Blyth Hut:-

"All right, everybody up; come on, got your breakfast."

Gradually everyone got up, had breakfast and put their boots on. Little heckling over who was to carry the pack first and off they all went to a convenient little gully.

"Looks a bit steep, would anyone like to show the others self-arrest?" No reply. So the instructor jumped. Soon everyone else jumped. Before long this slope seemed too safe, so the leader chose a steeper one. At first the little party had trouble walking on this steep frozen slope.

"Now I want you all to lie on your backs facing downhill - I will hold your feet until you are ready and then let you go," said the leader. Very soon it was discovered that no-one was going to hurt themselves doing this. So then the leader made them practise their belays - but the slope was not even steep enough for this. So roped together in twos the party clambered over rocks and up little cornices above the gully and threw big rocks down at the others in the gully. But no-one was hurt so they all climbed up the gully to the top and had lunch.

"Next we shall practise our dynamic belays," said the leader, and he demonstrated one to the group.

"There are some nice gullies up there," he then reported. So the party made its way up to those little gullies. Once there they roped in twos again and walked along the top of one of the gullies. Every now and then someone would jump into that gully and the other would stop him with the rope. But no-one was hurt so they went up to another gully that had a vertical wall along one side. Here members of the party threw themselves vainly into the little valley. But no-one was hurt so they went to a much deeper gully. Here members of the party leapt with even more enthusiasm than before - but no-one was hurt. So they took off the ropes and once again leapt with great enthusiasm into the dark. But no-one was hurt so they found steeper slopes and dug little trenches and built low walls of snow for those jumping down the slopes. Still no-one was hurt so they gave up and went back to the hut.

Then next morning a voice yelled "We're leaving in 45 minutes." 45 minutes later they set off on a pilgrimage to the South Col of Mount Ruapehu. However one select little group incurred the wrath of the leader by not going the way the leader went. Still, by midday the whole party was on the col. Here some of the party stayed to climb Paretaitonga while the rest descended the north col to the top of the Bruce road and thence home by thumb. Those remaining to climb Paretaitonga arrived at the Bruce rather later, in fact almost too late. Not making it to Wellington that night is the reason why one person dressed in full climbing gear including waist loop and karabiner was seen at Varsity that Monday morning.

Clive Bolt.

THE WILKIN VALLEY - DECEMBER 1966.

Wednesday 14th.

Five of the party left Christchurch after a smooth trip on the Maori from Wellington. This was by far the longest and most strenuous day of the trip. Picture, if you will, five burly trappers and 10 days' gear, crammed into one of Henry Ford's smaller products, travelling from Christchurch via Timaru and Oamaru, the Waitaki valley and the Lindis Pass to Wanaka at which point another of the same with gear is squeezed in for the 37 miles to Makarora where, exhausted, they all spend the night. The journey took 13 hours, an interesting contrast to the days that followed. On arrival the party was greeted by Dave Osmers, his wife and sister-in-law, the latter an old school friend of the trip leader.

Thursday 15th.

Although the trip leader was most reluctant to leave Makarora and his old school friend, the party in its entirety safely crossed the Makarora River and made its way downstream to the confluence of the Wilkin and Makarora Rivers. Just above this the Wilkin was crossed with ease and the party made its way up the left (i.e. true right -Ed.) bank of the Wilkin, jet-boat convenience having been sacrificed in favour of the McNaught-Pearce bank accounts. "Top Hut," the lowest hut in the Wilkin, proved to be well past its prime, in fact it was a ruin. However Kerin Forks was reached after 6 hours tramping and the night spent in the hut there.

Friday 16th.

The party awoke to discover the beautiful mountains above the valley had been replaced during the night with much cloud. It was also raining, not hard, but steadily, persistently and very wetly. Nothing daunted they tramped to Jumboland Hut, 2 hours away and the scenery — well, what was lost in mountains was made up for in waterfalls. The Wilkin, still its turquoise opalescent self, had started to rise.

Saturday 17th.

The day dawned much as before. The weather, however, was worse. The party decided to climb Mount Jumbo (6,200ft.) which was located somewhere in the mist behind and considerably above the Jumboland Hut. They followed a cleared stream bed up, and at the top of the clearing a ridge through open beech. The route posed one or two complications, mainly due to members' insistence on walking on top of instead of through sub-alpine scrub. Several rocky gullies were traversed. A saddle was reached where the party was greeted by a sodden gale-force wind. The Wellingtonians immediately felt at home and all sat down and

had lunch. Five then left the saddle to scale the top. Everything was shrouded in mist. Three got there after a scramble over loose rock and occasional drifts of snow. At the top were an iron peg, more loose snow and lots more mist. The conquerors descended, found the two almost-conquerors and returned to Neil Maddocks at the saddle who had chosen the much safer pastime of trying to spot the Albertburn valley through the occasional breaks in the mist. Then all descended to Jumboland Hut, food and light literature. Mr Burgess claimed he read "Lolita" from cover to cover that night.

Sunday 18th (What sun?)

It rained much as before with a persistence that quite astounded the Wellington intruders. Nevertheless they continued up the valley, through the bush track to top Flats and New Top Hut. The Wilkin was by now in full flood and Top Flats resembled the underneath of a (you know, those holey vegetable - draining things) through which Lake Taupo was being poured. The Wilkin at Jumboland Gorge left Huka Falls for dead. The South Branch being totally uncrossable the party spent the night in the hut which belongs to the Mount Albert Station at Top Forks. Miraculously, the rain ceased as suddenly as it had begun early in the evening after 63 hours of non-stop pouring.

Monday 19th.

The weather now declared itself fine and warm. The party crossed the South Branch of the Wilkin and then set off up the North Branch. Several side-streams were crossed before Lake Diana's placid but swollen waters were reached. The snout of the mini-glacier which comes off Pollux was investigated together with the rock bivvy nearby. The glacier was most picturesque with boulders everywhere. The party returned to the Top Forks hut and after a short break in which now-dry gear was donned set off downstream for Jumboland Hut.

Tuesday 20th.

Messrs Stonyer and Maddocks decided to salubate in the hut but the other members of the party thought Mt Aeolus (7700ft) was far more tempting. They crossed the Wilkin below the hut (after half an hour of trying) and proceeded up the well defined ridge. It took about 1½ hours to the snowline. The snow was soft and the going slowed down. There was a short stop for lunch. It was taking longer and longer to get less and less further. Then the mist appeared, swooping down out of a clear blue sky and advancing menacingly down from the summit towards the party. With a heavy heart they turned back 500 ft. from the summit but were soon too occupied in glissading and its thrills to grieve further. They got back to the hut about 3 p.m., after seeing two red deer in the bush.

.....

Wednesday 21st.

This was a day of some frustration. The party proceeded downstream to Kerin Forks and then tried to cross the river. They tried again. But it just couldn't be done. However, one member of the party did learn that the middle of a flooded (and glacial) river is no place to argue the question of who is trip leader. In fact it was no place for argument at all. The party returned to Kerin Forks Hut and stayed the night.

Thursday 22nd.

Somewhat chastened by yesterday's river crossing lessons, the party proceeded downstream. They met the farmer John Queith who was out on horseback. He very kindly helped them cross the Wilkin, which was still very enlarged after the rain. They very gingerly crossed the Makarora and arrived at Dave C. Gers', the car and civilisation. Phil Burgess then remembered he had left his camera ("full of lovely photos") across the other side of the river. Forgetting how difficult it was to cross the river he plunged into the Makarora, retrieved the camera and plunged back again with his camera between his teeth. The camera was not insured. It seems that the answer to successful impossible river crossings lies in motivation.

The Wilkin in beautiful trampers' country and all have vowed to return. There are mountains in abundance and deer in semi-abundance; the only snag is the River.

Phil Burgess.

Party Members: Dave Greig (leader), Phil Burgess, Neil Maddocks, Kevin Pearce, Dave Stonyer, Pat McNaught.

PB/DG.

HOLLYFORD - WANAKA with variations (intentional and otherwise).

Intended route: Hollyford valley - Cow Saddle - Fiery Col - Fohn Saddle - Dard River - Cascade Saddle - Wanaka.

We left Wellington on the evening ferry to Picton on Friday Nov. 25 and by midnight all three of us were camped by the roadside near Blenheim. 2½ days hitch-hiking from there had us at the end of the Hollyford road in pouring rain. Three hours was necessary for us to get to Hidden Falls hut, and was sufficient to get saturated. A roaring fire had all gear dried out by the time we turned in for the first night of the trip.

Next morning was still wet, but after a leisurely breakfast we reluctantly set off up the steep hill behind the hut. In order to travel up Hidden Falls Creek, one has to climb high above the creek to avoid the waterfall and gorge at the start. We therefore

travelled along a ridge some 200 ft. or so above the river, making a couple of trips down to the river to find it still too gorgy to travel in. The size of the river indicated that it was in fact the main river, though other factors seemed to contradict this. On our third descent to the river we saw that the gorge had ended and the river was broad and slow — almost like a lake. It was even more like a lake further upstream. As we sidled around it we wondered why it was not recorded on any map. Above the lake the creek was much smaller and steeper, descending in a series of small waterfalls. By this time it was late in the afternoon and our only concern was to find a suitable campsite. We were no longer interested in where we were. After much searching we finally came out on an open rocky knob and pitched the tent on a rather exposed and uncomfortable site. Pat hastily explained that the large number of patches did not indicate that the tent would leak. They were merely the result of the McNaught cat doing a traverse of the tent while it was pitched in their backyard. It appeared that the cat had kicked steps up one side and glissaded down the other.

Visibility improved in the evening and we could see that we were not in Hidden Falls Creek, but had no idea where we actually were. In the hour of daylight that remained one person was sent off armed with map, compass, torch (just in case) and Moir's guide to everything except Hidden Falls Creek" to see if he could draw any conclusions from the low pass we could see in the ridge nearby. His only conclusion was that the pass was much further than it looked, as we last saw his light, miles away, at about 11 p.m. The rain began again as we settled into our pits.

At first light the next day the missing one had still not returned so the other two began a search which lasted about two hours, by when we were all together, but all lost. He was none the worse for his night out in the rain without a sleeping bag, though his map, compass and Moir were all lost. We stumbled onto the tent some time later and sat in our pits for the rest of the day while the advantages of a well-drained campsite were becoming more and more apparent. The next morning we made an ignominious retreat all the way back to Hidden Falls Hut arriving rather late due to heavy packs, flooded creeks, and bum navigation. Having lost the Alpine Club's Olivine map we were forced to use the Lands & Survey's old map which clearly marks a sidestream of Hidden Falls Creek.

The next day dawned with a mixture of sun and rain. We spent the morning drying out our gear, and after lunch packed up and set off up the now-familiar steep hill. We carefully crossed the sidestream we had gone so far up before, sidled round a low spur to drop into the real "creek", and pitched the tent, in some bush flats near the river. A large area of

ferns was obliterated to provide our bedding and we prepared for an early start the next morning.

The bush was so dark and gloomy when we left at 6.30 a.m. that we couldn't tell whether it was fine or evenly overcast. All we knew was that it wasn't raining, until about 10 a.m.; after that it was raining. Travelling up Hidden Falls Creek was very difficult at first but gradually improved until, quite suddenly we emerged onto broad open flats. These remained more or less continuous until the bushline. By the time we reached the broad tussock top of Cow Saddle, it was 4 p.m. and raining heavily, also windy and rather cold. The top of the pass was just below the mist level, so without the services of the trusty doctor we had no idea where Firey Col was, so we crossed into the upper reaches of the Olivine river and camped there. Huey made a concerted effort to rip our tent to shreds that night but fortunately drew no blood.

The next morning was still blustery but the rain had virtually stopped. We set off down the Olivine until we could see the Olivine ledge high above us. By this time the weather was clearing and we could see some mighty peaks as we sidled up onto the ledge. Travelling along the ledge was made difficult by a few gorges which cut across it, so it was 2.30 p.m. when we started to climb towards Fohn Saddle. It was 2.30 p.m. when it clouded over and started snowing. Pushing on regardless we missed the saddle by miles, so returned to a suitable campsite at the foot of the saddle. Nearly a foot of snow was too much for the tent which was in desperate need of surgery when we packed it away after a rather miserable night. Though it was still snowing we boldly set off upwards, but about an hour later we came to a halt, wondering where to go next. One said "go left", and said "go right", one said "go back". We followed the latter course.

Not particularly keen on another night above the snowline, we headed for the bivvy rock "discovered" by the VUWTC party the previous summer. Dropping off the Olivine ledge into the river was hairy to say the least. How trees can grow upright on a vertical rock slab is completely beyond me. Our course down the river was largely dictated by gravity. Despite the heavy rain the river was not running at all high. Crossing the Termination sidestream was rather interesting all the same, as we still had our overtrousers on. 20 minutes on a blazed track got us to the bivvy, an impressive glacial boulder overhanging on all sides, and with a perfectly dry dirt floor. The only signs of civilization were a neat stack of firewood, and a scrap of paper on the floor which read "Fraser said 1,000, real answer 125." We hung up the sadly tattered tent, under the shelter of the rock, to dry out and settled down glad to have a solid roof over our heads again.

Early next morning the three of us gazed out from our warm pits in wonder and amazement. The impossible had happened. It was

fine. However, action superceded shock and we gulped down our breakfast, hastily sewed the 45th patch on the tent and wet off towards Fohn saddle. A minimum of scrub bashing got us back on the ledge, now covered with a mantle of snow. We made no mistake about the route and lunched in the thick snow on the top of the pass. The views of mountains and rivers, near and far, were really fantastic, and all that had happened the week before was duly forgiven.. We pushed down through knee deep snow to the upper Beansburn flats to set up camp early in the afternoon. A heavy frost overnight heralded the dawn of another perfect day. We rather reluctantly forced ourselves to hurry down the Beansburn in the midday heat, to arrive at the broad shingle bed of the Dart River late in the afternoon. We crossed the river that evening after backing out of waist deep water on our first attempt, and camped in the bush on the left bank.

The next morning we wasted much time in an unsuccessful attempt to sidle round the Sandy Bluff and we reached Dredgeburn Hut in time for a rather late lunch. By the time we reached Cattle Hut it was raining again and we skipped up the pace in the fading light to arrive at the Whitburn Flats just on nightfall. We turned in to sleep soundly after a 12 hour day, happy that Cascade Saddle could be crossed the next day if it were fine.

It wasn't. We got as far as Dart Hut (1½ hrs.) and stayed there while snow fell on and off all afternoon. More snow the next morning closed the door on Cascade Saddle so we set out over Snowy saddle in alternating sunshine and snowshowers. After crossing the pass we sped on down the Rees to make a final camp some three hours from the roadend. It snowed again overnight, then became brilliantly fine as we made our way back to civilization. A local miner gave us a welcome lift into Glenorchy and we sat on the shores of Lake Wakitipu in the afternoon sun, having a last look at the mountains before turning to the road to make the long journey home.

Nick Whitten.

Party: Pat McNaught, Jim Swadling, Nick Whitten.

NKW/DG.

=====

In three years, VUWTC will be fifty years old - would you believe it? It's true. So what about an expedition to the Andes/Himalayas/Antarctica to celebrate it. All we need is a plan, some money (like \$\$\$\$) and a persuasive line. Who's game?

=====

Comment heard on a trapping trip:-

'Experience is whatt comes from surviving inexperience.'

=====

MT. ARTHUR RANGE. CHRISTMAS 1966

Having been Christmas-type entertained and fed by the unique Little family, three of us prepared to embark in Mr. Little's car to the Baton River. A late arrival proved to be Dave Greig, who had got himself organized the night before and met us before we left Chris's place.

In perfect weather we left ourselves straight away, but were soon heading up the right valley to arrive at the foot of the track to Loveridges Hut, inspecting recent gold sluicing attempts and making half-serious claims to large portions of 'ool's gold' found in the rocks of the river-bed en route.

The track to Loveridges is at first steep. The heat, steepness, and heavy packs soon took their toll, but we eventually struggled up to Loveridges hut. We found two sheets of rusty corrugated iron and an earth floor and conveniently placed outside, a rotting set of antlers in velvet-yech!!

Needles to say, we slept in tents that night. Next morning we left at a respectable hour, with only half a half-axe- Dave flew off the handle!!

We arrived on top of the first bump shortly and followed it to the Mt. Arthur range proper. It was misty at first but cleared considerably as we reached the Twins (5900). Several deer were seen at this time and we lunched just under a ridge leading from the Baton River to the Twins. After lunch we rounded the ridge and descended to a dry valley east of the Twins. I managed to persuade the others to drop packs and ramble up to have a closer look at these limestone masses. We got to the small saddle between the two peaks, but it was misty and cold up there so we returned to our packs and started to look for the 'excellent campsite with stream'. Alas, all we found were large boulders of limestone, but a site was soon fixed on and we set the tent up, as by now it was raining.

Our immediate problem was water, so one bod was co-opted to descend to the nearest available water with all our water containers. Kevin's whistle was put to good use in order to orient him and he returned safely with the required liquid. It rained that night and intermittently the next day, so it was democratically decided that we stay put.

The next day was overcast but not raining, so we set off along the range again. Being trained to well-behaved Tararua ridges we were not prepared for the idiosyncrasies of the Mt. Arthur range north of the Twins, and after bumbling through a mass of limestone boulders with mighty sink-holes between them, we descended into what was apparently the campsite we should have camped in (this at the head of the north-west branch of the Ellis Stream, is A-1 superb recommended)! From here we saw that from the Twins one should keep high and follow the true range to Mt. Arthur proper. Anyway, we at last managed to get to the top of so-called 'Mount' Arthur and survey the by now superb views. When we got back to our packs we had a lengthy 'lounge' and watched two 'peasnts' heading towards us from Flora Hut way. Chris's comment was-'They're probably on honeymoon'. Kevin's was-'Probably a geologist rock-hunting'. These truly Delphic pronouncements became embarrassingly true when John Rhodes and his wife Ann came closer.

That evening was spent pleasantly at Flora Hut and next day in a crystal-clear morning we trudged up Lodestone. From now on there were no tracks. This was soon apparent as we crashed through the thick juvenile beech off Lodestone, but soon we adapted ourselves to the new environment, not however, without the necessary moans and sarcastic comments to our all

suffering leader (what else is a leader for?). We managed to struggle on to Crusader by late afternoon and rested long on top delaying as long as possible the awful moment when we must drop, literally, from Crusader down the ridge to Hoary Head. At last, however, we set off and, scratched and battered, reached a reasonable campsite. Water was again obtained 'per aquarium', as usual, and we were waf to sleep by the pure goodness of Chris's 'haricot' stew.

The next day was fine as we trudg on up to Hoary Head but misty as we headed down. We decided to go out over Brown Acres rather than continue on to Takaka Hill road and reaching the top of Mt. Campbell in mist we set off in the direction we thought was right and, by some chance, it was, as we found, grass pastures, a hut and a road leading down. We followed this road a fair way through a motley of native bush, farmland, pine plantation and scrub and eventually hit a road and farmhouse where we were kindly fed, and then we settled down for the night in a nearby hay-barn.

Next morning we set off to thub back home.

Party:- Chris Little (leader), Dave Greig, Kevin Pearce, Ross Gooder.

-Ross Gooder.

RAKAIA. JANUARY, 1967

Don Fraser, Neil Whitehead, and Tom Clarkson had a ten day expedition into the Rakaia in January 1967. We set off up the Rakaia Valley in deteriorating weather hoping to do some climbing up the Lyell Glacier. From the road-end at Glen Falloch it takes about a day and a half to Lyell Hut, not far below the terminal face of the Lyell Glacier. There is a good bridge across the Rakaia just above the junction of this river with the Ramsay. The best route to Lyell Hut is up the true right of the Rakaia, across this bridge, then back across the river to the hut if the river is low. A better ford is at the outlet from a large lagoon at the end of the glacier about 30 minutes above the hut. If the river is up the only access to Lyell Hut is over the Meins Knob, a climb of about 1000'. We reached Lyell Hut in good time via the lagoon crossing but, for the following five days the weather was almost continuously rainy.

One morning we set out at 4:30 a.m. in the direction of Malcolm Hut but the conditions were so bad that we were back at the hut at 10 a.m. An expedition to the top of one of the Jollie Sisters (7300') in a gale force wind was our only 'success'.

Our sixth day was fine and we decided to try to make something of our trip by crossing to Westland. To cross the Rakaia we had to climb over Meins Knob and use the bridge (the river was rather ferocious in appearance after the rain). From the bridge we took three hours up the moraine to the head of the Clarke Glacier immediately below Strachan Pass. The snow up the last 800' onto the pass was hard enough to require steps and, on the other side, the descent to the Lord Glacier was also hard (this did not deter Neil from trying to glissade and as a result plummeting down the slope in a most undignified fashion). Eleven hours from Lyell Hut we camped on moraine just below the end of the Lord Glacier. From this position to the Wanganui-Lambert Forks is a distance of about four miles. We would endorse Pascoe's advice about attempting the Lambert Gorge sidle in murky weather (like we did). The four miles took 13 hours to cover. An extra hour spent looking for the hunters' hut was wasted time.

The hut is ten minutes int

The four miles took 13 hours to cover. An extra hour was spent looking for the hunters' hut and was wasted time..

The hut is ten minutes into the bush from the Lambert River and less than five from the Wanganui River. An antiquated cage crosses the Wanganui about fifteen minutes up from the hut and anyone who oils its pulleys will be doing a valuable service for the tramping public. It is one easy day's journey (about 7 hours) from the cage to SH6 near Harihari. We emerged there just 10 days after paying off our taxidriver in Canterbury (£7-10-0 from Ashburton).

- T.S.C.

SPENCERS OR BUST. FEBRUARY 1967.

After making arrangements to leave on the Tuesday night boat, the leader disappeared into the Tararua's on a S.A.R. search that weekend. However, he turned up in time and the four of us managed to get to Christchurch, and then onto Lewis Pass where we met Ross who had come from Arthurs Pass.

So donning our 50lb packs, we immediately dropped 500' from Lewis Pass into the Maruia River and moved up the river driving deer to the left and right until we reached Ada Pass Hut (CUTC); (lower than Lewis Pass), at 7p.m. Scrog and brew. Stops and attempts at leaving tins of milk powder behind were carried out on the way. The next day consisted of a gentle stroll over the pass and down the Ada river encountering wild cattle and horses en route to Christopher Forks where there is a small three-bunk Forestry hut.

During all the twelve days of the trip not once did it rain but on the third day it snowed, consequently Thora, Terry and I went on an expedition collecting gooseberries, to the old abandoned farmhouse- not any more for outside was a collection of bulldozers, landrovers and G.M.C.s and they didn't even invite us in to their fire!

Saturday dawned gloriously fine so with ice-axes and all we set out to conquer Faerie Queene, now under a cover of powder snow. We chickened out but magnificent views were had. Sunday saw us slogging down the Ada and up the the Waiau to Glacier Gully in the sweltering heat. Peter and I made a side trip to the Guyon to try to bludge some sugar off the Forestry cullers there. They were out but we met some fishermen who had flown! in that day (very demoralizing). The next day we decided Una was beyond us (anyway it was supposed to be impossible from this side) so we climbed up to a knob to the North of Una.

Tuesday was another sweltering day, so with many swims and a three hour break at midday, we made our way to the Forks at the head of the Waiau Valley. We slept out that night and a nice early start the next day saw us plodding up to the Waiau Pass (7000' -at least it was cooler in the earlier morning. Over the pass and down the shingle slide gave us lunch and a swim (very cold) at Lake Constance (4500'). We travelled a around the lake, over the moraine wall and down to our campsite at Blue Lake. That night we had a variation in evening meal, instead of 'deb'- chicken supreme, very nice but not enough to feed a mouse.

Thursday- Friday:- too hot to do anything but play with the robins so Franklin was left alone. However Peter and I did at least walk down through the Sabine Wilderness area to Sabine Forks on Thursday. On Friday night we heard and saw the rare blue duck. The next day, an early

Remnants of pre-trip impressions spring to mind at this juncture. - hurried toll-calls to Napier and Wanganui; paralysing the grocery check-out counter at Wright-Stephensons for ten minutes on a Friday night - after terrorizing the innocent bourgeoisie with twenty spondlicks worth of kai on grossly overloaded pushcarts; carefully parcelling out dehy veg, pog, gravel, bricks etc to the last cubic Angstrom in a Karori dining room; and lugging a helluva weight of stuff onto the Wahine.

Yo ho Gadzooks and we're away - such was the auspicious start, (please give your ice-axes to the purser etc). The ensuing twenty-four hours saw us projecting an image of North Island students (why aren't they working, the yokels?) in the ferry, taxi, Mt Cook bus, Queenstown kombi until let loose in the lower Rees, when we promptly turned into jolly good young folks, pride of New Zild's adventurous spirit in the mountains. Anyway, the first day was fine and about 98% humidity, so visiting the Old Invincible mine half an hour above the Rees on the true left bank made temperatures rise. Signor Edmund's temperature rose far more quickly when he discovered a thoughtfully provided brick amongst his allotted food ration. Slow chugging and cussing (ratio of chugs to cusses about 1:2) up to 25-mile hut, built close to a magnifique slit gorge, thru' which the 25-mile creek pounds, naturally enough.

The next day was judged unfit to do any day trip to Kea Basin, so a day trip to a mighty mountain behind the hut was substituted. Three hours hard climbing and baiting keas with Minty papers brought us to the summit of our chosen peak. All the way up this thing I had been wondering why such a magnificent great lump was not named on the map. Enlightenment was immediate on conquering it - behind this miserable wart of a 6000 footer lay the 8000 footers which were named on the map. Undaunted, our merrie band withdrew strategically to the hut, the more fun-loving ones engaging in the happy sport of chundering huge disc-shaped rocks at a pair of bewildered goats which were standing about half a mile down a steep gully.

(As the sun set behind Earnslaw on the first evening at 25-mile hut Gerald erupted for the second time. Foaming at the mouth he appeared at the door of the hut with a 2½lb milk tin full of good old Karori gravel. Poor lad, he had laboured under this mighty load from the bottom of the Rees, also labouring under the ~~misapprehension~~ misapprehension that it was RICE. Most unfortunate)

The food lapsed into dehy, the rain came down, the Rees came up and we fermented the next day in our pits.

4a.m. Giddup Giddup. We're going to Dart hut today. Away at 7a.m. in light rain. Over the Rees and pound away up the true right bank and into the bush and climb

and the sun comes out and we halt outside Upper Rees hut, which could be mistaken for a galvanized shoe box, but it has a dirt floor, and after a brew and some bickies and a gawp at the mountains, away into the Upper Rees. By now, gentle reader, the terrain is becoming more rugged, as is the language of the more unfit. However, il fait beau as we stroll thru' tussock on a climbing stile on the true left bank once again. A lunch stop was democratically decided on just below the Rees saddle (or is it snowy saddle?) and soon we were examining the rock bivvies and standing on the saddle in glorious sunshine, glorifying in glorious glories of peaks galore. Progress was slower down the snowy, although the only difficulty lay in negotiating a precipice which sidekick led us into. (This man was propagated by the aforementioned sidekick - who should really be called leader appropriating from Dart Hut a jersey which your scribe should have laid his hands on first). Enuff sod.

A day trip by four of the five to Cascade basin proved wet and miserable, but we did catch a view of the Matukituki before returning, by an easier route closer to the Dart Glacier, to the drier lowlands.

All departed next day to Cattle Flat in glorious sunshine. The walk down thru' the forest with glimpses of surrounding icy peaks, next to a rather swift-looking, heffalump-coloured Dart, put them in good spirits. Deafening was the sound of the camera shutters. That night was spent in tents at the very bottom of the flat. As darkness approached a friendly hunter, with whom we had strolled down the flat, walked into camp with a newly shot hare. Yodels of thanks from all.

In the morning all hopes of a trip to O'Leary's Pass vanished with the sunshine at about eight o'clock. A belated fast start was the order of the day as the first shower drove us into the nearby forest.

After a hard slog of nearly half an hour down the four lane track a bivvy-rock was espied just off the track, and after a brew, it was decided (undemocratically according to some)

that here we would stay because it would surely rain with great heaviness that day. And so we did. And so it did - all morning, all afternoon, when the hare was boiled for about 5½ hours, (then eaten) and all night. Card playing, chirping at the fearless ubiquitous bush robins and interfering with the fire (which was situated just outside the shelter afforded by the rock) served to break the monotony of the continuous rain and prolonged lack of movement. Morning brought an easing of the plout and a casual departure for the lower Dart. At a light to moderate, variable pace we passed thru' some really beautiful flats which served as an air-base for several million sandflies (and yea, verily did they darken the skies). Casualties were described as heavy.

The dark interior of / Hut was duly inspected,
Dredge

the party deeming this area a fit one to have lunch in. Luncheon consisted of buttering one's hands with sharp knives and taking a swing with one's jaws at some hard mineral referred to in lighter moments as "Taraua hie-hie", while rapidly burning around a cluster of packs, and even more rapidly becoming dizzy and disoriented at the sandflies. Much fun was had by all.

Many squashed sandflies later we headed for Sandy Bluff. Due to a Dart still swollen from the night's rain this bluff was clambered over instead of circumnavigated. Thunder began booming as we descended the downriver side and progress hastened up all a sidestream with 'Not Negotiable' written all over it was encountered. As it turned out, we crossed it with a pole quite easily and pressed on to Survey Flat where the tents were pitched on dry ground. That night lightning flames made the tent glow a bright green. In spite of the downpour, which lasted most of the night, the tent floors still consisted of a dry comfy spagnum mass in the morning.

The last real day of the trip saw us round Chinamans' Bluff in dampish weathers, feverishly gobbling lunch at a new N.E.F.S. hut below Dan's Paddock; listening to tales of the old days of gold and sheelite mining in the Dart and Rees in the Miller's Kitchoon; walking five miles on a flooded road towards Glenorchy, then being delivered to its wharf in a dilapidated taxi by a horribly dilapidated driver; and sleeping in the Glenorchy wharf shed.

Little dribs and drabs of after trip details now come to mind -- the bus catching fire on the way to Queenstown; storming out of a Queenstown fish and chipery in a bad temper; Lesley and I walking two and a half hours out of Queenstown before getting a ride (after watching Clive and Graham hurtle by in a the bus); arriving at Christchurch station that night to meet a surprised Clive and Graham, and lastly listening to comments such as 'My, look at their huge boots' on the Wahine again.

Scribe and leader (in name only): Peter Radcliffe
Sidekick: Clive Bolt
Cocker of Peas: Lesley Ragnall
Carrier of gravel and bones: Gerald Edmunds
Chief Assistant to the Assistant Chief: Graham Duncan.

EASTER 1967 IN TONGARIRO NATIONAL PARK

(or how to keep warm with haricot beans)

The scheduled rendezvous for the first night was Waihonu Hut - an easy 1 1/2 hours from the 10-mile pag on the Desert Road.

Lesley and I reached it just before dark, Ross reached it just after dark, and Kevin reached it next morning, all wet thru', but with the vital supply of haricot beans,

The next two days were spent in eating, card-playing and other common wet-weather occupations such as looking outside at a thundering great herd of school-boys camped in the rain. On the third day a partial clearing in the skies induced us to sally forth to Tama Saddle. The extremely low temperature and wind was the cause of us getting there and having lunch at Lower Tama lake in under two hours. To vary the return journey we forged across some tributaries of the Waihonu Stream to a small patch of beech forest, which became known as 'the hundred aker wood'.

The next day was perfikly fine so we zoomed away to climb Te Hou Hen, wearing 50lb 'day packs'. Four and a half hours later, after many ohs and aahs at the progressively better views, hotter heat, higher altitude, we staggered onto the summit of Te Hou Hen. Sapristi! Magnifique! The elation of those present was at an all time high, mainly due to the 'quite unique and panoramic view', but also because we were seven miles from the nearest known haricot bean. (Dear reader - if you are wondering about all the slinging of at haricot beans, here is an attempt to explain it: Kevin bought a great dollop of them because they were tasteless, odourless, cheap, full of protein & which heats you up in your sleeping bag after you have eaten them, y'see) and thus suitable for making a great choking tasteless odourless bloating stew with. Muf sed). Ennyweigh, after having lunch we burbled of and had a look at Dome Shelter and the Crater Lake which were swarming with peasants. At the close of day (at 50 p.m.) we left them and arrived back at Waihonu at 7 in full moon.

The next day was perfikly fine and so we zoomed into the Waihonu Stream and chundered very slowly and sweatily up Ngaurahoe, until we reached the saddle between Kathrine's Head and Ngaurahoe, where we had lunch with the bluebottle flies. Then Kevin, me and Tigga zoomed up the mountain (slip, slide, chug, sweat, grind 'Gosh it gets cold up here doesn't it?' 'wet no snow' 'Chuck rocks into the crater' - chunder chunder - 'Gosh what a stink')

Zoom back down to Ross in five minutes from the crater. Zoom vigorously into South Crater - move up ridge to Red Crater (rumble hiss steam!)

Tramp tramp trudge huddle down to Ketatahi Hut and then spring gracefully into hot creek - delicious soak. Tetter back to hut at dark just in time for a very oversalted stew - yetch! girmewortafest - and so to bed - snore snore, stretch, what a mighty dawn! wow! spledi forus!

Another fine day. Casually amble away at nine o'clock look at thermal activity (bubble rumble hiss steam roar scald

choke - gasp, retreat). Chunder down to highway, birds singing. Thumb down car in two minutes and ride all way home.

Party: Peter Radcliffe, Lesley Bagnall, Kevin Pearce, Ross Gooder.

- P.K.R.

DISPLACED GREATER NORTHERN. April '67

Five of us went up to Powell on Friday night, the others piked at Mountain House, holding up proceedings somewhat in the morning. Saturday morning was misty but not unpleasant. We scrambled up to the top of Holdsworth to gain a marvellous misty view. Here Chris left us to return to Pannister (how else could his car get home?). The rest of us went northwards to McGregor. The lowest parts of the ridge were below the mist but visibility was rather limited. We happened to choose the correct ridge to McGregor bivvy after the traditional conflict between common sense and compass. We had our first lunch at the bivvy. We were well below the mist level and could see across to the main range where Nicols Hut stood out plainly as a bright orange speck, perched on the side of the ridge.

We followed down a typical forestry - type 'line of discs thru the bush' towards the Waichine. After a lot of ups and downs the track suddenly became very steep, and we the Waichine (with a resounding splash) 100 yds below Dorset Creek. A track to Nicols leaves the river directly opposite. (Part of the N.Z.N.E. network)

Although it was just 1 p.m. and Park Forks was only 20 mins upstream, we didn't leave the forks for Carkeek until 3.30 p.m. The person responsible for this would rather it was not mentioned. We were all in Carkeek Hut at 5 p.m., where we drew lots for the 7 - 1 mattresses (was justice done to the lone banger?). The two 1967 Carkeek veterans took us for a guided tour of the area, showing us places of interest. The weather cleared up in the evening and as we turned in it was perfectly clear and still. The storm came up later.

Sunday morning saw seven coveys peering out of the window watching the clouds racing across the open tussock above the hut, and listening to the wind rattling thru the trees. The least cowardly of the group strode outside, no doubt to demonstrate that it was not as bad as it looked from inside. He was the one that discovered it was raining as well. However we all put on storm gear and left the comfort of the hut for the 5 hour journey across open tops. 'It could be worse' we thought. 'It could be windier' we thought, until we had to climb up Lancaster on all fours. However we duly arrived at Te-Matawai in time.

for a late lunch. (Plans for lunch at Arete Bench bivvy were abandoned when we failed to find the bivvy. Newcomers to the district wouldn't find it either.)

The last hurdle was no trouble, the Ohau was not at all flooded, and we reached civilization just before dark. The more energetic and/or selfish ones were rewarded with a free lift to Otaki from Pond's farmhouse (one inch clearance on the pipe bridge). Public transport home was slow and sure, digital transport fast but scarce, (when it's dark they don't know your saturated).

Party - Tom Clarkson (leader), Ross Gooder, Harry Perarce, Roger Lavers, Nigel Eggers, Chris Peterson, David Porter, Nick Whitten - N.K.W.

UPPER TAUHERE LAU March '67

Three of us left Kaitake Shelter Hut at about 10 a.m. on a perfectly fine, hot Saturday morning. We reached Dobson's hut just in time to avoid the consequences of dehydration, then set off up the Marchant. Strange thing about the weather was that there wasn't a breath of wind. How lovely that would have been any other day. We caught up with one of our two solo artists near the Block 16 turnoff and only a sustained effort of power bludging got him to share some of the drink he had pinched from Dobson's. We got to Alpha to find the hut loaded with callers, C.T.C.'s and assorted peasantry.

It would have been rather nice to stroll up to the top of Alpha in the moonlight that evening. It was even nicer staying where we were. The conversation for the evening was mainly about a gentleman, who, among other things, had been seen walking about Queenstown wearing a tattered bush singlet and carrying a bunch of flowers.

Something happened to the marvellous weather overnight, and the sleeping space above the door is rather well ventilated. We returned to Hell's Gate to drop off the side at the bottom of the saddle. We reached a wee creek which winds its way down to the Tauhererikau, always looking as if there is a waterfall round the next bend. When we hit the main river we made a rapid inspection of our pack's seaworthiness, and set off downstream. The valley soon closed in until we were forced to float down one stretch of deep green water. It was cold. After that one wet patch the river broadens out and is easily navigable. Three hours later the end comes very suddenly, just as the gorge begins to get interesting again. We were probably one of the last parties to walk under that bridge without having to duck.

No need to describe the rest of the trip. -N.K.W.

Party:- Nick Whitten (leader), Julian Edmunds, Gerald Edmunds, Nigel Eggers, Euan Nicol.

EASTER ORONGORONGO TRIP, 1967.

We arrived at Baines to be welcomed by those with private transport who looked surprised to learn that we had not found the large billy they had cleverly hidden for us under Dave Plant's car.

Tom for at least the last week had been boosting his trip up by saying that he was sure to have fine weather and that nobody, stressing NOBODY ever went to the Orongorongos for Easter. Maybe he meant nobody illustrious, but he was proven quite wrong about much of the weather and all ordinary tramping nobodies. Nobody, illustrious or otherwise got much sleep that night because the hut was constantly being invaded by hordes of nobodies with big boots, packs, guns and big mouths. A somebody arrived (Mr. President or better known to notice board watchers as John de J!) rather late with a tale of nearly stepping on a body sleeping on the Whakanui track. This body was identified next morning as George Caddie who promptly sat down in front of the fire to dry out his sleeping bag.

Cathie and I not realizing we would be just as wet by 10 o'clock without going to any trouble, decided to take a dip in the pool just below the hut. After recovering from that and breakfasting we all set off with our tent which we had retrieved from one of the late-arrival parties.

We were now minus one member as we took to the stream for the North Saddle. After at least one wrong turn and some moans on my part as I struggled up the last nearly vertical bit we reached the saddle in sleeting rain (slight exaggeration) and a howling wind (no exaggeration). What a sight greeted my weary eyes as I emerged from the leatherwood to peer over the knife edge - a vertical drop of dirty grey oozy mud, then wet slimy stunted bush and rain sweeping over more hills. Somehow I had been lured on this trip by visions of fine weather and lots of salubing which I had then transformed into something Utopian - gentle green slopes rolling down to a shimmering blue sea and a small stream bordered by tall elegant trees. WELL we got around the edge of the mud slip mainly on the seats of our shorts and managed to get through the leatherwood and nettles (I'm not sure now which I prefer nettle plants or leatherwood) to a tiny confluence where we stopped for lunch. My memory of lunch is of a number of tramping ostriches, bottoms up, parkas over their heads which are buried in their packs as they butter their bread under cover. Yes, it was still pouring.

Fortified by hot cross buns we went on. The going was easier after awhile though the stream rapidly swelled up with yellow-grey water. While trying to get under a fallen tree and make a rude retort at the same time I had my second swim. Moral - don't be cheeky. I must say I prefer clean

bath water if it cant be hot. We reached the coast and set off for the Mukamaku iti around the gravel road. We stopped just short of our destination when we found an unoccupied lean-to which was waterproof and therefore much superior to a tent fly. The two larger tents were skilfully pitched and everybody got into dry clothes and set about settling in. The rain was now intermittent and prospects appeared much more cheefful. After a large stew and I think some Instant pudding which did not resemble in the slightest the pictures on the packets; we went to bed.

The next day was fine and almost Utopian. Gear was spread out to dry. Some members of the party left to walk home around the coast, others scampered on the beach, played King of the Castle on the rocks and explored. Sunshine is a great restorative of good humour.

George, Tom, John and myself wandered up the Mukamuka iti in the afternoon to the waterfalls. The hills seem to move in on the stream as if they want to strangle it yet it wins, and comes leaping and tumbling out of the gap. Tom under the illusion that I was not coming went for a swim. It may be just as well I move rather slowly! On our return Cathie and I got another stew under way. We came in for a few scornful comments because we washed and even scraped most of the vegetables. There were no complaints about the finished product unless one interpretes smacking of the lips and licking of plates as unfavourable reactions - I don't. (That was a self-administered pat on the back!)

The moon that night was enormous - the sort of moon that dogs in Westerns sit and howl at. By its light a frog hunt was mounted in the nearby bog by two members of the party. No frogs were found! The next morning was fine and very clear. We ate up all our food except bread (bacon rashers, chipolates and even tomatoes appeared from their hiding places) packed up and moved back to the MukaMuka Valley. The weather was so good and the situation so entrancing that the member of our party with long holidays vowed to return the next day for a further stay. The Muka Muka Valley in hot sunshine is thirsty work causing many stops where bowls and mugs were produced - some just lapped. On the last stretch we renewed our acquaintance with stinging nettle and emerged from the bush onto a small grassy patch on the South Saddle of Mt. Matthews. Here photographs were taken back to the sea and over to the Orongorongo River - it was a very impressive spot. Lunch was eaten and a subtle torture devised. Thirsty people cannot bear to watch (or listen to) people eating tinned fruit. Some very hard bargains were driven for the use of can openers. We set off down the track to Baines and thence in ones and twos home.

TRIP LIST

Tom Clarkson (Leader)	John de Joux
George Caddie	Wayne Topping
Jim Cousins	Mike Taylor
Clive Bolt	Dave Plant
Graham Duncan	Phil Burgess
Cathie Eggers	Margaret Cromie (Scribe)

MANGAWKA or PIKE MAY 1967

AIM OF EXPERIMENT: To see if it is possible to make a Ruahine crossing in May.

METHOD: Take five mad trampers and deposit them in Moorcock Base Hut one Saturday night and see if they can get to Mangaweka, offering such incentives as Forest Service Huts, transport from Mangaweka etc.,

OBSERVATIONS:

SUNDAY: Our human guinea pigs made their way to Howlets Hut on the main range via Centre Tuki Hut and some nice Forest Service tracks which were of better quality than several Tararua tracks. It was a trifle windy on the top.

MONDAY: Two inches of snow having fallen over night and the breeze still blowing, they stayed in their pits all day, amusing themselves with such games as battleships, noughts and crosses (IKW style) and making trips outside to enjoy the scenery.

TUESDAY: By now twelve inches of snow had fallen, so our heroes decided to go north to another hut near the tops in case good weather might arrive. So they descended to Centre Tuki Hut and then down the super-cooled Tukituki River (lovely) It was here that the party's five navigators found that they were not very good (they blamed the map of course). A stray farmer appeared, however, and corrected their error and they ascended a ridge to Hinerua Hut - getting their feet nicely frozen.

WEDNESDAY: A fine clear day dawned, but the snow had stayed so the five mugs decided to wander up onto the tops without packs to enjoy the scenery of Hawkes Bay - beautiful. Unfortunately, they never made it for they were struck with an attack of laziness a mere 800 ft. from the top - they said it was because the snow was getting too deep (around the knees) They descended to Hinerua Hut for lunch and then on down to South's Creek Hut (imagine - tramping from the Northern Ruahines to the Southern Tararuas in one hour!!) The trip to Mangaweka had now been called off - after all there were still several forest service huts at a lower level.

THURSDAY: Our five pikers had an easy trip down to Waipawa base hut, where they emerged from the snow for the first time, and warmed their feet - LUVERLY !!

FRIDAY: Phil Burgess's father picked them up from the Wakara school where they had become friends with the school's goats (birds of a feather flock together??) They were deposited at intervals on the main highway to Wellington to bludge their way back to Wellington.

Results: They piked. Conclusions: May is not a very good time to do a Ruahine Crossing.

Five Pikers: Nigel Eggers (head piker) Nick Whitten, Phil Burgess
Chris Studt, Gerald Edwards (Scribe)

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY WEEKEND 1967 - TOTARA FLATS

Inspired by John de Joux's leadership, Mike Clear, Stephanie Fraser, Dierdre Lewis and Neil Maddocks thought themselves fit enough to attempt a trip from Bannister to Kaitoke. Bravely ignoring forecast wind, rain and snow, we set out on the Friday night railcar to Masterton, where we quashed the taxidriver's doubts about intellectual condition by triumphantly completing the Post crossword.

Despite an unhurried start on Saturday morning, the pace had slowed to a standstill within an hour - ostensibly to admire snow-covered peaks, among which Mt. Holdsworth stood temptingly clear. However, "medium fitness" wouldn't get us there, so regretfully, we pressed on to the Totara Flats. This was crossed by a 'flying fox' of (initially) fearsome appearance; sufficient anyway, for two shooters to elect to ford the river. For the remainder of the afternoon advice was given on stew, while the evening was filled by Bill, Keith and Ron of VUWTC raving on views from Mt. Holdsworth - received in silence.

On Sunday, naturally, we lay in, but as no new excuses for staying there were put forward, we emerged about 10-45 a.m. into light, cold rain. Views today were mainly the mud-caked heels of the person ahead - or, when climbing Cone Saddle, some times merely their footprints. Lunch about 3 p.m. at Cone Hut, and oh, the agony of leaving the fire to the 20-odd assorted occupants. 1½ hours later at A-D, we also found space limited, 42 others having arrived before us. However, their appearance improved as we dried out, and had some stew (which had obviously not seen Stephanie's wooden spoon). Eventually we found we had scared any competitors away from a bunk and sizeable piece of floor, so spent a more satisfactory night than we had first expected.

We sloshed out to Kaitoke on Monday, in welcome sun. In search of a view, John popped up to Dobson's, while the remainder plugged up the Puffer. On the final stretch, the slippery clay track allowed Mike to prove spectacularly the accelerating effect of gravity. Nevertheless, all arrived safe, though not necessarily sound, by 2.45 p.m. and 5 bruised, scratched, and muddy individuals, together with mementoes of animal, vegetable and mineral nature, were returned to the concrete jungle by Mr. Fraser.
